

BRAVO! BRITISH COLUMBIA

Down in B. C. where the Fraser flows,
 Someone is waiting and watching who knows.
 Nightly a prayer is whispered for me
 In that little grey home in B. C.

Down in France where the Yser flows,
 "Somewhere in Flanders" nobody knows—
 Where the rain drenches, there in the trenches
 Stand five thousand brave sons of B. C.

Down in France, in the sea of mud,
 A terrible test they have surely stood,
 Fighting as only veterans could,
 Those five thousand brave sons of B. C.

Down in old England "holding it down",
 Are another "one thousand" from Vancouver town,
 Eager to stand in those trenches of brown,
 With the five thousand brave sons of B. C.

Pte. R. W. Mawdsley, 47th Bn., C. E. F.

Our Weekly Cinema Film.*(Continued)*

Time: New Year's eve 1956.

Notice the enormous increased circulation of the 'Listening Post' has convinced the Editors and stockholders that our first serial story has made a direct 'hit'. (The artillery would say 'Registered').

In order to cope with this phenomenal success, our press is (when not pressing officer's pants) working night and day and often day and night. When all the officers pants are in creases, the out-put of the Listening Post increases. (Please don't give me credit for that 'pun' it was a pure accident or 'fluke'. I couldn't do it again to save my neck).

To prove that our circulation has increased and that the serial story has undone that which the Editorial ought not to have done, we publish the following itemized account.

Editorial took whole of front page	1.000	500 not paid for.
Copies sold when Editorial took up half the front page	2.000	500 still owing.
Number sold when Editorial retired to support trench on page 2	3.000	250 on tick.
Copies circulated when Cinema Story commenced 3.003 less 3 copies returned by three Scotchmen		

New readers can begin this thrilling war story to-day by memorizing the names of the principal actors.

PTE. BILL DAVIS. A young stripling of 84 summers and almost as many winters. He is madly in love with a refugee at English farm named Mary.

CEASAR. Mary's dog.

PTE. JOHNS. A tall dark youth of 83 plum pudding issues. He also knows about the beer and 'vin' in the basement at English farm. (The plot thickens, be very careful to memorize these two names. I should advise you to keep on saying them in bed like you used to say your twice times table). If you are afraid that you may forget them, keep this paper by you or in the jewel box.

MARY. The fascinating charmer of English Farm (just behind the windmill, across the road from the 'Staminet'). Her beauty of form and her dreamy eyes, not to mention her auburn hair, are the cause of the onetime college chums looking daggers at one another.

Synopsis of the previous chapter or act.

The first instalment of this story exposes Davis's attempt to deceive the doctor in order that he (Davis) may be excused duty and so 'put one over' his rival Johns by visiting Mary when his company are fighting the foe. He is caught in the act and punished. Whilst in the firing line he gets into more trouble; but is compensated by witnessing the complete downfall of a L. Post Corporal who is exiled to the Island of Britain for the duration of the war.

(To be continued.)

To the boys of The Third Tunnelling Company.

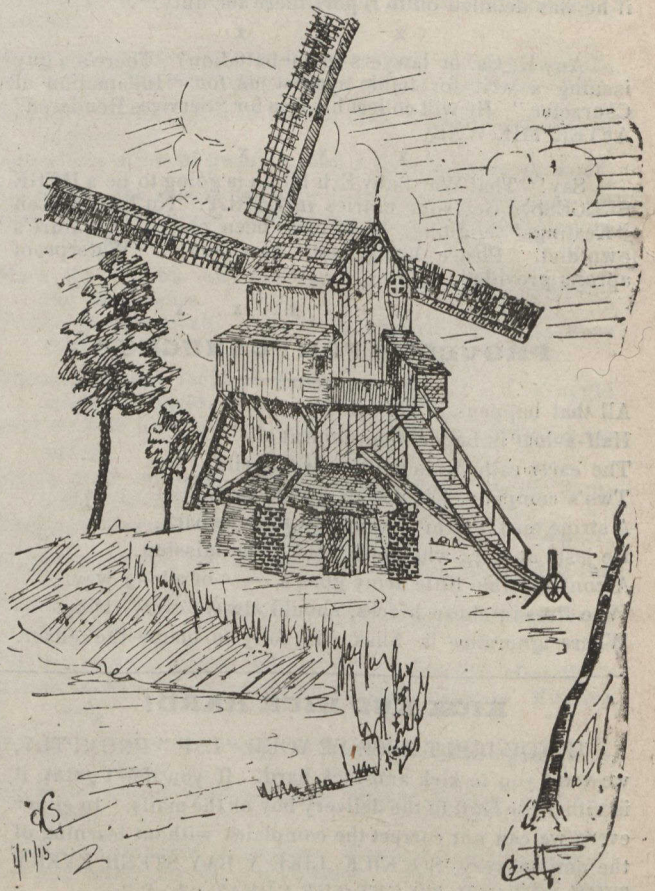
They sing about the submarine,
 They ain't no (penny) liner;
 Their aerial craft, God Save the King,
 There could be nothing finer.
 I'll not forget the Auld Scots Greys,
 The Forty 'Twas, The Scots wha hae.
 For what could be sublimer.
 But listen to me just a while,
 As I indite in ma ain style,
 To grimy fearless sons of toil,
 The Army Miner.

He's nought to see him on parade,
 In fact for that he was 'na made,
 For grand review nor sic a thing,
 Or royal salute, wi' but a spade.
 Since Waterloo he's something new,
 You find him down in Cariboo
 And there he might have stayed.
 Tho Canada to him was dear,
 The Mother's call he chanced to hear,
 From underneath the foe drew near;
 Was he dismayed?

He goes to work 'gainst Hun or Turk;
 For in their galleries they lurk.
 If they might win with deadly mine
 To do our heroes fatal hurt;
 Courage will rise to face the foe
 All's well, the miners are below;
 He's driving hard with all his heart.
 At listening post he does not shirk
 To match the foe at his own game
 For Britians honour and fair fame,
 Let nought besmirch.

Then here's to all the grimy crew,
 All arms come round, give them their due,
 The submarine doth nothing lack,
 To subteranean hold not back;
 If but the one could raise a funnel
 The other glories in his tunnel.

Pte. John Murray.



Anywhere in Flanders.